THE

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ON THE TENDENCY OF REVIEWS.

THAT any one should presume to question the utility of reviews of political and literary publications, may be thought ridiculous, by the prejudiced friends of the great models of criticism, which are issuing continually at Edinburgh and London. But though the most cordial testimonies must be rendered to the Edinburgh and Quarterly reviews, it is a question, that at least deserves civil consideration, whether their tendency be beneficial, and their influence salutary. In our observations upon this subject, we of course proceed upon the supposition, that the reviews should be considered as authority, and should have the character, that those mentioned do actually possess, of influencing publick opinion.

In the first place it is certain, that the majority of the readers of any book ought to fix its reputation, and ascertain its merit. Books are generally, we may say always, written for the world, and by the world therefore ought to be judged. If then any association of men, whose principles are decided and uniform, or any individual, express their opinion of a book, or of the talents and qualifications of its authour, this opinion, as it is only that of a party, ought not to affect publick taste. As we suppose the reviewers to be influential and authoritative, an esti-

mation of the character of a book or its writer is thus fixed in the publick mind, which, as it is founded on principles of party acceptation, will seldom be entitled to the reception of the unprejudiced. These remarks might be considered as theoretical and visionary, did not actual observation evince their practical truth. The high authority of the Edinburgh review, and the implicit confidence which a party have reposed on its authority, have been perverted to protect theories which the impartial have rejected, to recommend political measures which the patriotick disapprove, and to extol particular productions which candour must condemn. The thirty first number would convince us that Pitt was not only a man of arbitrary disposition, but that he was a mere tyrant, a despotick office-hunter, a despicable peculator, and almost a fool. It contradicts its own estimation of Justice M'Intosh in its character of Lord Erskine, and makes it out upon the whole, that the East India trade is very unprofitable even to its monopolizers. Now all these are facts, which a party must receive upon their allegiance. No appeal lies from the decisions, and the plainest convictions to the contrary produce nothing but satire, severity, and insult.

It may be objected to this, that we might by the same reasoning discredit all expression of opinion upon things of publick notoriety. But the objection is founded on mistake. There is as much difference between a regular periodical volume, which is steadily published, and which uniformly supports certain principles of state and national policy, and certain canons of literary criticism,—and an individual opinion publickly expressed upon these affairs; as there is between the capital of a banking company, and any of its single stockholders, or the influence of a popular party and one unsupported man. The tendency of reviews is to promote the reputation of principles arbitrarily adopted, and unyieldingly obeyed. This might even be advanta-

geous, as none would attain to authority as reviewers, unless they deserved it by the correctness of their principles, (as they would be estimated by their party) and their literary qualifications. But our experience has shown, that a certain peculiar sarcastick style, an assuming imperious tone, and a despotick carriage, form essential features in the externals of the critick. He must not only have the strength of Hercules' muscle, and the steadiness of Hercules' nerve, but he must have his rough lion's skin, and his knotty oaken cudgel. Youth and diffidence are affrighted and discouraged, where moderation and sufferance would have improved and inspirited; and the publick are not unfrequently summoned by the power of the reviewer, to meet the forwardness of incautious youth, with the contempt and resistance, which should be the rewards of importunate impudence. By degrees the forests of the republick of letters are cleared of their young trees and tender shoots, by the merciless axe and knife of the critick; and all, that is suffered to flourish unhewn are a few sturdy oaks, which are too hard to be cut, and a few yielding osiers, which have bent and twisted themselves into the prescribed ramifications. And when those oaks have fallen with the weight of years, the noble beauties, of which they were once conspicuous parts, have vanished in a dreary waste, barren and unproductive. The history of the literature of the present and past centuries in England seems to confirm the truth of these remarks. In the time of Johnson there were fewer great men, than in the age before him; and, God knows, there are fewer great men now, than in his day. There were no reviews in Locke's time, and in Johnson's the two or three that were published were of little reputation, and less authority. They have been multiplying in number and assuming new powers, with every year of late, and at present there are two of them which marshal the opinions of their respective partizans by

a dash of their pens. They and their brothers have made it their employment to trample like elephants over the lands of literature, and happy has been the sturdy shrub, which has resisted their feet. In points of literature, though taste may be arbitrary, yet you will find perhaps little of party and little discrepancy in the decisions of these two reviews; but in them literature has become quite a secondary topick. Religion, and above all, politicks are the great subjects of their numbers. And here it is that prejudice reigns triumphant, and the injurious influence of reviews most manifestly appears. Their authority is high and commanding, and the same credence which is given to their opinion of a poem or a history is rendered to their decision on affairs of state or principles of theology. That division into parties, which has become intolerable, is encouraged, fomented, and upheld; and the good citizen and good Christian almost wish that literature were less creditable, that it might be less formidable. There is however little hope that the publick will ever be convinced, however true the proposition, that the system of reviews is injurious to the cause they would pretend to promote. Like the Athenian appropriation for the theatres, the repeal of which it was death to propose, the authority of popular reviewers cannot be questioned, or the propriety and expediency of exercising it doubted, without raising the suspicion, that the assailant is interested; and that private fears were the great stimulants to his patriotick exertions.

THE PORTUGESE HERMIT,

A MORAL TALE.

THE Portugese navigators discovered the East Indies in 1497. A few years afterwards, a flourishing colony was in-

stituted, and promised to gratify, by its success, the most sanguine calculations of its projectors. But the commotions which agitated Europe, the disturbances excited by the reformation, which had lately commenced, the usurpations of the emperour, and the intrigues of the Spanish court, conspired to withdraw the attention of the Portugese from their colony, which was totally neglected and almost forgotten. Thirty five years passed on, and the Portugese sovereigns seldom thought of the East Indies; till the eclat of the Spanish discoveries in America recalled to their remembrance those of Gama and his successours. Commissioners were sent out, with supplies for the colony, and with full powers to do whatever seemed best for its interests. After a prosperous voyage, they landed on the Indian coast. Pursuing their search for the colony, they came to a spot where seemed to be the ruins of a little village:

"..... the wild flower on *its* ruined wall,
" And roofless homes, a sad reflection brought,
" Of what *its* gentle people did befal."

They saw nothing but desolation. One part of the village appeared to have been nearly consumed with fire, and in the other, the houses were half pulled down, the inclosures laid waste, and the wild grass waving luxuriantly in the wind. They approached the little church. Savage fury seemed to have respected its simplicity and spared it. It was standing and was in neat repair. Having entered it, they were astonished to see a man clad in strange habit, with a hoary head, praying in the Portugese tongue, as he knelt at the altar. Unwilling to interrupt Christian devotion in a land, which they thought had witnessed for many years nothing but savage rites of human sacrifice, they forbore to disturb the aged supplicant. Having finished his service, he arose, and turning round, saw the strangers in the costume of his native land. Hardly able to credit his eyes, he ad-

vanced towards them. Perceiving his wonder and embarrassment, they anticipated his inquiries, and told him who they were, and the object of their voyage to Asia. He led them to his hut, which was among those, that had escaped with least injury the common devastation, which had left such unquestionable monuments of its fury. When they were seated, as well as his deficient accommodations would allow, the stranger answered the interrogations of his countrymen, relative to his own history and that of the colony, by the following account of his life.

" I was born in the year 1462 of parents opulent and no-
" ble. I was their only child, and on me reposed their hopes,
" and those of their numerous relations in Portugal. Every
" care was taken of my welfare, which the most anxious so-
" licitude for it could dictate. But that solicitude though af-
" fectionate was misapplied, and their care over me was in-
" judiciously directed. I was indulged in my inclinations
" from my earliest youth, and when my instructors would
" have taught me Aristotle and Plato, I fled from their lec-
" tures, to break a lance at the tournaments. But what an
" opportunity did I lose! I was born in the most favourable
" season for improvement; for the German artists had just
" discovered a method of multiplying books with supernat-
" ural facility. I might have been as learned as father Je-
" ronimo, my instructor. But philosophy did not please me.
" When my fond father brought me a book about offices, writ-
" ten by a great Roman, and just copied by the German
" machines, I threw it away, buckled on my armour, and
" rode off to a joust. Thus did my youth pass till it was
" time to act for myself, or rather to remove into independ-
" ent life, for I had always done the former. My cotem-
" poraries begun to expound the Roman law in the courts,
" and to dispute in the college at Lisbon. But I alas
" could do neither. I could hardly read the holy paternoster.

"Still my father's name supported my pretensions, and, at "the age of twenty five, I was appointed to the command of "five hundred knights, who had been subsidized by the "king of Naples, to assist him in the wars. When arrived "to the main army, I soon found, to my utter mortification, "the extent of my literary deficiency and its attendant in- "conveniences. Other commanders of my rank had read "the books from Germany, had studied the ancient systems "of warfare, and were versed in the writings of the Greek "and Roman commanders. Discussions of these occupied "the day, and disputes on philosophy employed their even- "ings. But I knew not such things: and could neither "converse with them in our tents, nor manœuvre with them "in the field. I quitted my command, filled with shame "and grief, and hastened to Portugal. I thus disappointed "the hopes of my parents, in the outset of my career; and "this is ever the first unhappiness of a youth wasted with- "out improvement. They had anxiously waited the return "of their messengers, from whom they vainly expected in- "telligence of my success, and were awakened from their "dream of delusion, when they found me the herald of my "own disgrace. My father was a grandee of the first rank, "and as he was now old, Portugal looked to him for a suc- "cessour to his dignities. The authority of his name was "successfully employed to conceal the cause of my return "from Naples, and I took my father's seat in the king's "council. The lords of the council had been accustomed "to the wisdom of my father, and turned to his son for "principles of legislation and government. But wisdom I "had not hereditary nor acquired. I could not conceal my "ignorance, though with an assumed air of intelligence I "arose to harangue the council. One lord corrected me "in a point of domestick history; a second informed me "that it was not Cicero that subverted the liberty of the

" Romans; I was told by a third that Britain was an island,
" and the president insisted that my reasonings were palpa-
" bly sophistical. I was driven from the council-house as
" an impostor, and returned, distracted with anger and
" shame, to my father's castle. When, however, the lords
" discovered that the person, whose presumption and igno-
" rance had so much astonished them, was in fact Don E-
" manuel's son, they endeavoured to conciliate the forgive-
" ness of my father and myself. The blessed Virgin knows,
" that I thought they spurned me from the senate with jus-
" tice. They offered me as an atonement, the title and dig-
" nity of viceroy over the new colony, which was then in agi-
" tation. I accepted the office with eagerness, that I might
" remove myself from my native country, where I was not
" respected. Owing to my ignorance of geography and
" navigation, after we had sailed about a month we were
" nearly wrecked on the coast of Britain; to which quarter
" I had ordered the vessel to be steered, instead of pursuing
" a southerly course. We however escaped the danger, and
" after a tedious voyage, in the course of which my incapaci-
" ty was fully displayed to my subalterns, and the little re-
" spect and obedience I once received from them withdrawn
" in consequence, we arrived on the coast of Asia. After
" much difficulty and distress, owing to the alienation of the
" confidence of my subjects, and the contracted and illiberal
" views with which I governed them, together with my nar-
" row policy towards the natives, (all which followed from
" my having treasured up no stores of philosophy which
" should expand my mind, enlarge its notions, regulate its
" passions, and warm its affections,) we succeeded in estab-
" lishing a settlement. It bid fair to flourish, and seemed
" like the willow-scion, whose growth is prevented by no
" want of culture, and no sterility of soil. But the good
" will of the savages was to be conciliated only by the most

" consummate prudence. This was a talent of which I had " no share. They at first seemed to acquiesce in our estab- " lishment; though as his holiness had granted my king the " land, I refused to pay them any compensation for it. But " when they saw us gradually enlarging our limits, encroach- " ing on their possessions, and hunting down the wild beasts " in their woods, they made remonstrances to us at once so " temperate and resolute, as might have shown any one of " ordinary sagacity that we might easily compound with " them in an amicable way, but could never delude or op- " press them. But they had insinuated something against " us, as not adoring the sun and stars, and cast on us the re- " proach of worshipping false gods. I was too bigotted " not to blaze with indignation at this. The tribe in our " vicinity was small, and collecting the men of my colony, I " advanced with provoking insolence to their village, and " overthrew their gods. They stood aloof, and left to their " deities to revenge their own wrongs. Seeing this and " construing it into cowardice, and at the same time swelling " with pride at my mighty achievement, I marched on and " attacked their bands. We fell before them like withered " leaves before the autumnal winds. My horse preserved " me by flight. Save myself, every man that marched up " was destroyed." They descended to the settlement, and " according to their customs of war, sprinkled their clubs " with the blood of the women and children. Except the " miserable cause of the whole slaughter, not a living soul " of the colony, no, not an infant at the breast escaped their " fury. Great God! one hundred and thirty murders are " enrolled in thy dreadful catalogue to condemn me." The poor old man seemed convulsed with mental agony, but resumed, " The savages after ravaging the settlement, left " it in the situation, in which, after an interval of more than " thirty years, you see it, and departed. My horse had run

" with me to the woods, where in a state of wretched want " I lived five days. I at length ventured in the night to re- " turn to the colony, and the sight of ruin and desolation " pierced me to the heart—but opened my mental eyes. I " determined, though advanced in life, to acquire that hu- " man science, which I ought to have treasured up in youth ; " but principally resolved by mortifying penance, unwearied " prayer, and necessary confession of my sins, to strive to " obtain the intercession of the saints. I walk round the " village unmolested, for the savages think it would offend " their gods to approach the dwellings, where those that " overthrew them once resided. I begin to see with resig- " nation of mind the ruins about me. I am not so torn " with remorse as formerly, when I see where

" ——In desolation cold,
" The desert serpent dwells alone,
" Where the grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
" And stones themselves to ruin grown,
" Like me look deathlike old."

" Now that I have confessed myself I am content. This " is what I have earnestly prayed for, and, thanks to the " blessed Virgin, my supplications have been granted. Tell " my history to your children: tell them the momentous " evils of passing their spring of life in idleness. I wasted " my youth without improvement ; a deserted army, the " scorn of the senate, and a murdered colony are testifying " that my manhood has been dreadfully contemptible. God " knows that my old age is miserable."

POETRY.

THE AD,

A POEM IN TEN BOOKS. BY J. LOWBARD.

BOOK II.

WE had intended to present our readers with some further extracts, from the description of Cambridge, but upon reviewing the size of the poem, we must conclude our quotations from the first, and hasten to the second book.

ARGUMENT.

THE scene changes to New York—Description of Hell-gate—View of the city—Trinity church—New city hall—North river—Description of the steam-boat—The various parts of the machinery—The provision of the meals, in which the cook meets with uncommon obstacles, particularly in preparing the coffee—These are surmounted, and the coffee served up—Staten island sound, and the Raritan draw into view—Perth Amboy is noticed, and the company that retire to Brighton—The book ends with a description of stage coaches.

The poem opens with a view of Hell-gate, from which we extract the following lines ; remarking that they describe a furious part of the strait, commonly called by the sailors, the *Pot*.

WHERE the wild wave, in wheeling whirlpool turn'd,
Boils as a hundred forests 'neath it burn'd,
The ponderous porpus, tumbling down the tide,
Shores the strong stream, and plunges to the side.
The cresting foam his plashy plumage rears,
Like some sad sire, that roads the vale of years,
Or like the sea, when first, by central force
Thrown from the earth, the moon commenced her course.
At that trist time, the imprison'd sire, confin'd,
But fed by oxygen, and sulphurous wind,
Forced a gulf gateway to the upward day,
And hurl'd a continent that cross'd its way.
The panick'd people, as it sings through air,

Chatter each tooth, and bristle every hair.
Up, up, a year it rose, then first began,
To curve its course, and shine the MOON on man.
But while its orbit-path on high it rolls,
And smooths its fractur'd edge, and points its poles,
A house, that stood upon the banklike brink,
Loses its balance, and begins to sink,
The desperate dwelling downs with earthward dash,
Chairs, tables, bedsteads, mirrors, crumbling crash, &c.

* * * * * * * * * * *

When near the earth arrived, the cities eye
A dome descending from the stellar sky,
Fear fang'd the hardiest hearts and boldest breasts, &c.

* * * * * * * * * * *

They thought some Godlike Power had come to earth,
With heavenly arts endowed, of heavenly birth.
With suppliant knee they bend, and thus they pray,—
" Be ye our kings, rule ye, and we obey."
Thus lost their liberty in one sad hour,
And this the origin of regal power.

We reluctantly omit the description of the city hall, which for architectural poetry is the finest we ever read. We assure our readers that the selection of technical terms is so perfect and complete, that we were obliged to borrow the use of three several Encyclopedias, one Dictionary of arts, and two Carpenters' guides to understand the description in any tolerable degree. But the most striking part of this book is the Steam-boat, that plies between Albany and Newyork. We cannot refrain from giving the whole passage.

So where high Hudson belts his hundred hills,
Winds his wide wave, and York's broad bason fills;
With engine force the fluid fields to plough,
The mighty Steam-boat points his sailless* prow.
Knees from the winds no gales, the sea no tides,

* Small sails are attached to the steam-boats, though little use is made of them. The other notes, as they mar the symmetry of the page, will be printed together at the end of the poem.

Whirls the wheel oar, and o'er the river rides.
Lo with what art the nice machinery turns,
With what fierce force the pitchy pine pole burns:
See the black Boiler, in whose darksome womb,
The prison'd water vapours into fume:
The hollow Cylinder, whose shining side
Cramps the crook'd Chain, and turns the densing tide:
The bouncing Balance, poising as it points:—
The puncheon Pump, that seams its iron joints:
The vassal'd Verge, that to the Upright bound,
Cogs the wide wheel, and turns tumultuous round;
The Spiral-screws, which, threefold threaded, suit
The caved contortions of the Prime-volute:
The vast twin Turners, thundering as they fall,
Hang the big Weight, and mock the Cyclop's maul,
Move the two oars, whose mill-wheel forms project,
Whirl with swift joles, to work the vast effect:
While o'er the deck, the clambering chimney swells,
Draughts up the docile smoke, and gives it to the gales.
The lengthening Benches claim the weary seat,
Reach round the deck, and at the stern end meet.
Below the Cabin, nice in neat array,
Shuts the small port-hole, from the springing spray.
Spreads the long table, seats the Windsor chair,
And bids the cook each modest meal prepare.
The cook bestirs him with a ready heart,
Learnt in the lore of culinary art.
Splits the crump cracker, breaks the porous bread,
And plates the butter, anxious to be spread.
Relieves the surloin from the tyrant hooks,
Slices the steak, impans, and turns, and cooks.
Cracks the crude coffee on the mortarous stone,
Nor minds the mangled kernels, as they groan.
But lo a voice! 'tis Mocha thron'd sublime,
Great father guardian of the coffee clime.
High o'er the coast he rears his frowning form,
O'erlooks and calms his skyborne fields of storm.
Flings off the clouds, that round his shoulders hung,
Wipes his warm face, and words it with his tongue:
"O cook! declare what causeless ceaseless hate

" Impels thee thus to mar the coffee state.
" Thy cruel hands, a strange ungenerous pair,
" Pound up my fruits, with mortars wage the war.
" Pound up my fruits—then boast your skulls, so thick,
" Were never pounded by a victor stick.
" Pound up my fruits—but at the Frenchmen rail,
" That seize your vessels, and at auction sell.
" Pound up my fruits—but yet the druggist curse,
" Who mauls you healthy, though he desks your purse."
Thus spoke old Mocha, and inflamed by ire
Called to his aid his ancient foe, bright FIRE.
Roused at the call, the monarch mounts the storm,
In streams Caloric shrouds his sultry form ;
Burns through the compound, all its heat inhales,
And poles grow 'quators, as be blows his gales.
He comes careering o'er his hot domain,
But comes untended by his usual train.
Smoke, blaze, and flashes far behind him fly,
Too weak to wade through this consuming sky ;
Whose air destroys cohesion, melts, and stings,
And snaps bright sparklings from its bickering wings.
Earth melts and fuses at the alighting god :
He gains the caboose, where the cook still stood,
Puffs from his full cheeks one wide kindling blast,
And all its fury on the fuel cast.
The fuel blazes to a tenfold height,
Sends forth a sickening heat, a livid light.
The cook he sweats and reeks, no more he mauls,
Grows weak and weaker, trembles, faints, and falls.
But Neptune, guardian of each sailor's right,
Indignant views the soul-revolting sight.
To save the cook, in jeopardy of life,
And stung to vengeance at the unequal strife,
Starts from his throne, ascends his clam-shell car,
And turns tremendous to the field of war.
His wheels, resurging from the fishy wave,
And drawn by sea-steeds, scaly, large, and brave,
Gain the North river, with advancing gyres,
And stud the sea with sun-reflecting fires.
The river's cape-mouths at his passage nod,

And the sad steam-boat trembles at the god.
Fire scornful view'd the Numen as he came,
And blew a broader blast upon the flame.
The blaze burns bickering up: when Fire thus broke
Contemptuous silence, and to Neptune spoke:
"Thou comest in time to share his last disgrace,
"To fume to steam, the boiler for thy place."
"I come," said Neptune, "not to insult the brave;
"But quench thy ardour, and let loose my wave;
"Teach thy proud race more peaceful flames to curl,
"Thee to thy kindred hell with force to hurl.
"That drear dominion shall thy rage confine—
"This ship, that tea-pot, and this cook are mine."
He added not, but poured his copious urn,
Full on the flame, and bad it cease to burn.
Then, hurl'd with steady hand, its bulk he sped
Full on old Fire, and swash'd him on the head.
Fire, like an iron by the blacksmith lav'd,
Sizzled and sputter'd, smok'd, and steam'd, and rav'd.
Less and more less the vapouring Numen grows;
And now a pigmy's stature scarce he shows.
And when a few more pailfuls Neptune showered,
That blazing Godship, which so lately towered
To giant form, now dwindled to a mite,
Subtends scarce fitting angle for the sight.
That heat, with which just since he glowed so hot,
Now scarce might boil his own potatoe pot.
The cook unclasps his eyes, looks round, gets up,
The coffee pounds, boils, sugars, creams, for cup.

The poet proceeds in his notices of the vicinity of New York. He sails up Staten island Sound in the Raritan steam-boat, and stops at Brighton to pay his compliments to the company that resorts there. The unavoidably long extract, which we have just made, precludes both the possibility and necessity of farther notice of the steam-boat. We would gladly trip down a country dance, or revolve in the elegant circles of a cotillion, with our readers, at the Brighton balls, but we must cut short, and jolt with them

over the Jersey roads in a stage coach. We remember seeing the "Otium Divos" admirably parodied and applied to stage coaches, but in the openness and candour of unbiassed criticism, we must take leave to give an unhesitating and explicit preference to the stage coach of Mr. Lowbard. The following lines may safely, we think, be put in competition with any thing the English poets afford.

There where New Jersey tracks the turnpike road,
The stage, slow staggering, hauls its heavy load.
But not thy roads, O Jersey, only boast
A stage as poor in comfort as in cost:
Where classick Cambridge heights his hoary head,
Another runs that's owned by &c.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

This (when some Saturday, whose darling day
Opes college gates, and points the unwinded way,
Bids each smart student toss his logick down,
Brush his best coat, and road him into town,)
Flings wide its doors, and on three seats bestows
Fifteen fat folks, and sadly bids them close.
The bare-bone beasts nor lash nor handle mind,
Lag the lean leg, and heave the broken wind.
In vain the chirrup cheers them on their way,
No oats their spirits spur, nor English hay.
Sad, salt, marsh mowings make their morning mites,
Their niggard noonings, and their nips at nights, &c.

These are all the extracts, which at present we can afford to make from this admirable poem. In the next number or next but one, we hope to insert some passages from the third book. We are compelled to relinquish in part our original intention of publishing the prints, attached to the respective books, and a portrait of Mr. Lowbard. We will however exert ourselves to accompany our extracts from the fourth book with the plate that ornaments it.

ANACREON, ODE V, *LIBERALLY* TRANSLATED.

THE rose of the loves let us mingle with wine,
And our temples adorn with that flow'ret divine,
The joys of old Bacchus deliciously quaff,
And drive away care with the gay social laugh.

O rose of the loves, thou dear exquisite flower,
That height'nest the raptures of spring's gayest hour,
The fairest that blooms in the portals above,
Or reclines on the breast of the bright queen of love ;
No down that o'erspreads the most soft polish'd faces,
Equals thine as thou smil'st in the choir of the Graces.

Now crown me with roses, now bring me the lyre,
Let the goblets o'erflow, let the musick inspire ;
And then, mighty Bacchus, thy temples around,
I'll dance with a damsel of bosom profound,
With chaplets of roses and sweet-briar crown'd.

Cambridge, Sept. 15, 1810.

Messrs. Editors of the Lyceum,

IT must be a cause of complaint, to the great authours of antiquity, (if intelligence of the translations, that are made of their works reaches them,) that they are made to speak a language, and to utter sentiments, entirely different from what they would have spoken and uttered, had they lived and written in the time of those, who make the translations. It certainly is an injustice to an authour who was accounted first, by his countrymen, for elegance of style, and propriety of expression, to make a literal translation of his works ; and thus present them to the mixed throng of readers, half of whom cannot, and half of whom will not make due allowances for difference of ages, and consequent difference of the standard of excellence in writing. It would not be

thought a friendly act, to introduce an American, clad in the attire of his country, to the presence of the grand Lama, who requires the purple sandal and plaited kaftan. Neither is it civil to put Virgil or Homer in an English library, with all their peculiarities of national phrase, and idiomatical expression. To illustrate my ideas on this subject, I have sent you a translation of one of Anacreon's odes, made as he would have done it, had he lived under the present dynasty of Scottish ballads and German tales of wonder.

ALLEMAND.

TRANSLATION FROM ANACREON.

Μεσονυκτιοις ποθ' ωραις.

The great bear so fierce, and Boötes so bright,
Their hemisphere lightened around;
The clock had just strucken for twelve of the night,
And mortals were tasting the placid delight,
Which in sleep, by the weary, is found.

Then twanged the loud trump, to the castle gate bound,
And the warder awaked in affright;—
"Who comes, thus belated, for entrance to sound?
"Who wanders so late this dark forest around?—
"I fear me 'tis no courteous knight."

"O fear not," a voice full of sweetness replied,
"To let the bridge fall do not fear.
"Alas! this dark night, I've no courser to ride,
"I wander, a boy, through this forest so wide,
"So comfortless, lonesome, and drear."

Up flew the portcullis, and down the bridge fell,—
And a boy danced its timbers along;—
"Follow on to the hall," says the warder, "and tell
"To my lord, what mishaps such an infant befel,
"To what castle or tower you belong."

The baron upstarted, the boy to behold,
And well might he start in affright;

For the wings on his shoulders, that glistened with gold,
The full quiver, and bow, which still he would hold,
Proclaim'd him some fairy-born wight.

The baron enkindled the forest hewn wood,
And wrung from the boy's curls the rain ;
" Come, come," says the lad, (cheer'd with fire and with food)
" Let's see if my bowstring, though wet, remains good—
" Let's see if 'twill serve me again."

So he drew a sharp arrow, he pointed, it flew ;
It wounded the baron's proud breast :
Laughed the boy (it was Cupid) " I believe it will do,
" The string is contractile, I find : but for you,
" Noble baron, farewell to your rest."

LIMON.

".....Pratensibus optima.....
" Natura est." HOR.

DRYDEN'S TIMOTHEUS.

IT may seem remarkable, that any person, who ever yields to the enchantment of poetry, should not be so overcome by its force, when reading that remarkable ode by Dryden, called Alexander's feast, as to overlook any slight inaccuracy, and be incapable of minute and deliberate criticism. A performance so truly poetick has this tendency ; nevertheless, when these feelings subside, we can view it with a critick's eye. Upon first examining this ode, the poet seems to have been guilty of an anachronism in representing Timotheus as tuning his lyre before the conqueror of Darius. The famous Timotheus, born at Miletus, died two years before the birth of the conqueror. He gained large rewards of the Ephesians by his ode to their favourite god-

dess, Diana, and was justly famed for his musical productions. There was, however, another obscure musician of that name, in Bœotia, who became intimate with Alexander. This frees Dryden from the charge of absolute anachronism; but it appears so to one, who has only heard of the first Timotheus; as the last is seldom mentioned by the ancients. This remark may be considered by some as hypercritical; but if the Grecian critick could seriously bring it as a reason, why Thucydides, as an historian, was inferior to Herodotus, because the events of his history were unfortunate, I may as justly urge, that Dryden was not happy in the selection of his chief character in this piece. I have always thought this ode a true specimen of poetick genius, and have admired the incident upon which it so happily turns; and if it has a fault, it is in the obscurity of the musician.

DR. PARR'S CHARACTER OF ENGLISH ORATORS.

WE have lately met with a work which we believe is very rare in this country, *Dr. Parr's preface to Bellendenus de statu.* The following extracts we thought might be amusing to our classical readers, who would wish to observe the purity and elegance, with which an English writer can dress his sentiments in the Latin language.

He thus characterizes Sheridan's oratory in the trial of Hastings:

"Causa illa publica contra præfectum quendam nuperri-
"mè dicta, quantum commendationis ad gratiam et ad fa-
"mam habuit? Quanta vocis et animi contentione Sherida-
"nus ad se auditores convertit omnes omnium et ordinum,
"et ætatum, et partium? Quàm mirum in modum, et vo-

" luptate mentes eorum devinxit, et illuc, quò res poscebat,
" etiam invitas impulit ?

" Hunc utique ad causam veniebat paratissimus—ex-
" pectabatur—audiebatur—A principio statim videbatur,
" dignus expectatione. Rem illam omnem, quæ tractanda e-
" rat, tam variam, támque multiplicem, et abstrusam com-
" plectebatur memoriter, et acutè dividebat. Argumenta col-
" locabat suo quæque loco, ubi plurimùm efficere et valere pos-
" sent. Longa in oratione magnopere cavebat, ne ita aliquan-
" do aliquid emitteret imprudenter, vel consultò et apertè præ-
" staret, ut sibi ipsi non conveniret. Sermonem, pro re
" nata, variabat aptissimè. Hac in parte, abundanter et il-
" luminatè dicebat: arctiùs, in illa, et angustiùs loquebatur,
" veritatémque disputando limabat. Auditores suos pro
" arbitrio vel docebat—vel delectabat—vel movebat. Nihil
" tamen unquam propositi habere videbatur, nisi rem ut de-
" finiret: ut robustam hominis improbitatem signis omni
" luce clarioribus coargueret: ut id, quod intenderet, ex-
" quisitis rationibus confirmaret. Pertimescebat tum pri-
" mùm Scotus iste clamator audacissimus, et quamvis lo-
" quacissimus sit, penitùs obmutescebat. Suæ autem vocis
" bonam partem ad Sheridani rationes ὁ δεῖνα adjungebat, vel
" quòd Oratorem extra omnem ingenii aleam positum esse
" persentisceret, vel quòd crederet sic exstingui posse vete-
" rum suorum famam maledictorum.

" Illo sanè tempore multæ erant in Sheridano, non scur-
" riles, sed oratoriæ facetiæ. Sæpè erat liquida et fusa, nec
" tamen redundans et circumfluens oratio. Vehemens ea-
" dem erat identidem, et interdum irata, et plena justi do-
" loris. Ea denique vis erat, is splendor, ea copia et varie-
" tas, quam magnitudo illius causæ et dignitas postula-
" bant.

" Oratio illa, sciunt omnes, quo plausu sit in Senatu ex-
" cepta: quas Sheridani ex adversariis expresserit atque

" extorserit laudes: quantus inde ejus vel ad popularitatem
" innoxiam honestamque, vel etiam ad gloriam solidam et
" sempiternam cumulus accesserit. Obstupescent certè
" posteri decies illam lectam relegentes, erúntque iis sæpè in
" ore Æschinea illa verba paululùm mutata, ' Quid si ipsum
" audiissemus ?"

Here is a description of Chatham, which would seem to deny him many of the qualifications requisite to form the perfect orator.

" Etenim in Chatamo inerat jam tum, cùm ad dicendum
" ἀνόϱουσε, præproperum et fervidum ingenium, verborúm-
" que cursus quidam concitatior, et interdum sonitus, quo
" completæ adversariorum aures obsurduerunt. Ipso in
" Homine quoque naturalem quandam auctoritatem fuisse
" memini, quæ et Orationi audientiam faceret, et Oratori
" fidem maximam conciliaret, et ab auditorum animis victis
" atque expugnatis, quas vellet sententias, extorqueret. Etsi
" ad docendum videtur, atque ad delectandum minùs para-
" ratus fuisse, erat tamen lateribus pugnans, concitans ani-
" mos, sese jactans atque ostentans, vehemens, stomacho-
" sus, victoria denique ipsa ferocior impotentiórque. Sæpè
" erat in laudando gravis, sæpiùs in vituperando acer et
" acerbus, in altercando idem cum aculeo aliquo et male-
" dicto nonnunquam facetus. At remove ista augustiora,
" quæ in nomine penè ipso Chatami continentur—Tolle il-
" lud quod Demostheni videbatur in Oratore esse primum,
" secundum, tertium, et quidem in Chatamo ad laudem, at-
" que admirationem consequendam eminebat singulare, et
" propè incredibile—Tolle dignitatem formæ—tolle vocis
" splendorem et magnitudinem—tolle corporis istos motus
" plenissimos semper artis, et interdum molestos, et ad Sce-
" nam potiùs quàm ad Senatum institutos. Næ in oratoni-
" bus illis ipsis, quibus nihil unquam perfectius exstitisse
" auditores aiebant, vix quidquam invenies, vel quod aurium

" sensum feriat suavitérve afficiat, vel quod ad intelligenti-
" um judicium argutè et distinctè expositum sit, vel denique
" quod lentè et fastidiosè æquus lector probaverit, aut pos-
" cere semel inspectum velit."

In his applause on the excellence and variety of Burke's acquisitions, he is very profuse. One expression we find he has borrowed from Quinctilian, without accounting for it, which is rather singular, as the Doctor in many places of his work has cited his authority for the use of a single word. " In literis," says he, " ipsi se sciant plurimum profecisse, " quibus Burkius valdè placuerit." A sentence almost word for word with this is found in Quinctilian's Institutes, b. x. cap. 1. " Ille se profecisse sciat, cui CICERO valde place-
" bit."

There are very few English writers more popular in this country than Burke. There are many therefore who will subscribe to the following character of Burke as an authour. " Opera autem, quæ Burkius edidit, varia, et in suo quæque
" genere egregia, quis non legit, summo cum fructu, sum-
" maque voluptate ?"

We must request of our readers the indulgence of one more extract from this curious performance, in which our classical panegyrist has placed Mr. Burke at the summit of all literary excellence.

" Nemo igitur, inter viros, vel eruditos, vel disertos, in-
" veniri potest, qui diligentiùs quàm Burkius, litterarum sci-
" entiæ se dederit. Nemo qui philosophiam illam matrem
" omnium benè factorum, benéque dictorum, coluerit exquis-
" itiùs—nemo qui exercitationem mentis à studiis quæ re-
" conditis in artibus versantur, faciliùs transtulerit ad causas
" populares—nemo qui rerum, et veterum et recentiorum
" memoriam vel arctiùs vel copiosiùs tenuerit—nemo qui
" delectandi gratia jucundiùs sit à proposito parumper egres-
" sus, et à severitate ad risum leniùs deduxerit animos audi-

" entium—nemo qui ad fletum eosdem, si res postularet, at-
" que ad misericordiam vehementiùs deflexerit—nemo deni-
" que qui aut omni lepore et urbanitate conditior fuerit, aut
" magnificentia et splendore elatior. Hæc cui contingant,
" eum iterùm ac sæpiùs dixerim Atticè loqui, stylúmque af-
" ferre, qui cùm suavitate sensus multitudinis perfundat,
" tum verborum concinnitate et pondere sententiarum men-
" tes doctorum attentéque audientium perfringat."

AFFECTATION.

IT is frequently observed, in commendation of a person, that he is void of affectation. " I admire such a one, be-
" cause he is so unaffected." But this quality, if at all meritorious, appears to me to possess only a negative merit; for if affectation be a fault or a crime, and the want of it a virtue and an object of admiration, persons will soon be applauded and admired for the omission of any vice whatever; and we shall constantly hear it exclaimed, that a man or woman is extremely fascinating and lovely, because they do not steal, or because they never break any particular article in the decalogue.

BRIEF CHARACTER.

LLOYD commences his life of the Marquis Hamilton thus:

A preacher being at a loss what to say of a party deceased, concluded his sermon with these words: *There is one good quality in this man*, viz. *that he was born, and that God made him: and another*, viz. *that he is dead and we must speak nothing but good of the dead.*

I may say of this noble-man, that I have two reasons to speak well of him, first, that good king Charles honoured him; and second, that his wicked subjects beheaded him.